

The Conquest (Part Two)

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Categoría: Ciencia ficción

Publicado el: 31/03/2012

The years had been passed and Shuala was already a general, with the difference that had no military ethics prevailing at the time. For him, a dead were defeated and matching issues. His troops amounted to several thousand and as all the East Valley belonged, was forced to live a forced peace and could not fight against himself. Still time to time organized some carnage to break the monotony sacrificing a few hundred innocent as bloody massacres as unnecessary but receiving a frequency higher and higher, blame and rejection of his staff who did not share his taste for fun. In any such activities becoming less and distracted him, really, and everything was bored. Everyone knew how dangerous it was Shuala boring. Over time I take the habit of going for long walks in the interior valleys of the mountains on the back of his horse, he absented work weeks, to everyone's relief. When organizing a raid again generally lower against a hidden tribe hidden in the mountains and returned with some dozens of slaves to swell his already bulging collection. Of course, for every ten people enslaved another hundred were killed, that was his method. But it was one of those rides that fortune smiled and very good way.

I had heard of them but had never seen. Known to exist throughout the world was said of its existence and many said if any Shuala sighted but no. Fortunately I was well away when he saw because he knew of his legendary danger. The first thing he saw was the silver bird, in fact reflected glare of Khala that transcended the treetops. Immediately dropped to the ground and walked the next thousand feet dragging. When he found nearly two hundred meters was frozen, paralyzed and only turned to listen and spy. Supposed to detect the distance but not a dozen feet and would probably be fatal. The silver bird was no more than five hundred meters thick but he could not see over the top denying the vision of what was happening below. That was a couple of hours, barely moving to avoid detection. Another had fled at the first sighting but Shuala not. But what happened then froze the blood.

She never knew as he had seen but the fact was he was there, twenty yards of his position. The silver God was moving slowly with "the rod of fire" that lethal weapon that charred a hundred while in his right hand. He walked a few steps and sat on a fallen log, leaving the rod resting on it. Shuala not understand how it was not only detected but his eyes focused on the weapon of God, if I could conquer the world possess. His intellect murderer dictated that if it had not been detected then had the advantage of surprise and the possibility of attack with a good chance of success. He felt his short sword and was approaching slowly, inch by inch, while the God performed, still sitting on the trunk, some incomprehensible tasks. Only when he was ten feet Shuala stood and raised his sword against the back of God, which provided generous. All his muscles tensed brutal and every art of attack surfaced at the time, being six feet, jumped up and vented his arm against the exact middle of the back of God ... But nothing happened, or rather, no what Shuala expected to pass. There was no blood or the delicious feeling of metal going into the flesh and of the falling body waiting to be finished, no, no, nothing like that. Instead of all this, the blade of the sword broke as if it were wood and God warned, stood before him. Shuala was a tall, very tall, but his opponent took him at least two heads. He stood watching the silver body looked as astonished some object hanging from his belt, with the hilt of his sword harmless in hand. But the pause was brief. The God react and release a tremendous punch in his face with a speed and speed such that neither could Shuala cat-like reflexes to avoid. Literally flew through the air and completely stunned, as God saw approaching him again to finish the job but leaving the rod back over the trunk. Drawing strength Shuala who knows where it pushed back, and an acrobatic movement, hung on a nearby branch and jumped behind the God ended, less than one meter from the rod. He took his hands and said to God, a stream of fire burst from the gun and calcined with everything he had in fifty meter radius. Breathless the Barbarian watching the outcome of their actions and not believe his eyes. How had left the gun fire?. Agitated whispers coming from the side where the bird was perched silver. Likely to see the smoke of the fire killed some fellow would come to the site. Should go for that quick and Shuala was very good. His athletic body quickly put meters between him and the scene and jumped his horse climbed and sped away. As he rode, when his breath was still agitated, his mind refused to believe the feat performed: "He had killed a god and had stolen his rod of fire." His euphoria hysterical laughter made him throw, I was at the height images of conquest, slaughter and destruction paraded through his mind as slides, apocalyptic evil. Soon the whole world is desperate prostrate at his feet.

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